

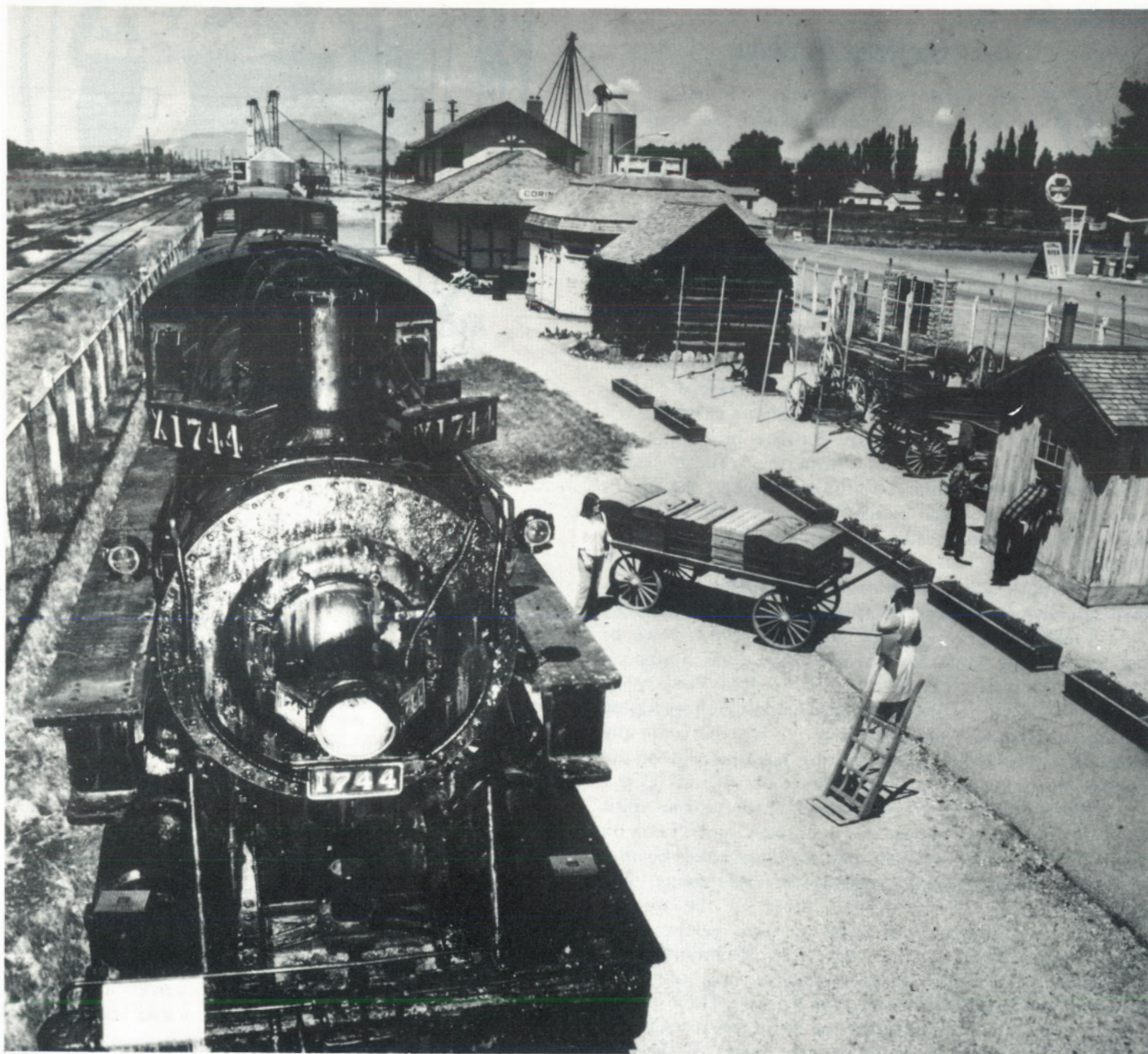
THE Pioneer



VOLUME 21

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*The Southern Pacific's No. 1744 "pulls" a well-kept cabooses,
a Bamberger R.R. Electric Car and a Kennecott Copper Corporation Car
at Corinne Railroad Museum.. (Story page 5)*



The President's Message

By John A. Shaw

Mark Twain suggested that it is possible to learn more from an experience than we should. He said that a cat which sits on a hot stove lid will never sit on another hot stove lid — but neither will she sit on a cold stove lid.

Crowded and regimented by over urbanization and an expanding population, people today seem more inclined than ever before to look backward with nostalgia to the pioneer period of America. This is good for us, providing we chart our future by learning from the past. But we had better learn the right lessons from our past.

Old Tom Lincoln, the Kentucky woodsman and father of the president, is reported to have remarked, "when you can see the smoke from your neighbor's chimney, it's time to move." In 19th Century America pioneering was characterized by the spirit of "westering." The buckskin clad trapper and mountaineer, the gold seeker, the adventuresome cowboy, the fiddle-footed ne'er-do-well, the sod buster, the homesteader, the resolute Mormon seeking religious freedom; they were all pioneers and they all served to push the frontier westward as each sought his own rainbow, whether it be freedom, land, gold or God.

Finally they crossed the continent, came down to the sea, and the westering movement was done. Steinbeck has the old pioneer grandfather in his Red Pony story lament, "... There's a line of old men along the shore hating the ocean because it stopped them. . . But that's not the worst—no, not the worst. Westering has died out of the people. Westering isn't a hunger any more. It's all done."

But today there are still traces of the pioneer spirit to be found, and it can crop out in unlikely spots. Look on most any city street and you may see long-haired, bearded unkempt, tough-speaking, roughly dressed young men apparently relics of the lawless breed of the western frontier. In northern Utah some of them belong to an organization known as the "American Mountain Men." The group is dedicated to preserving the way of life of mountain men who once roamed the Rockies. Their spokesman, a husky giant with a bushy red beard and rust-colored buckskins, is known in mountain men circles as "The Big Red Ramrod." He says that most of the modern mountain men consider their Old West style of living their primary way of life and their regular occupations just pastimes.

Best that Sons of Utah Pioneers speak out and declare that the true spirit of pioneering is that of building a more productive land, a more righteous people, a commonwealth dedicated to worthy goals. And wearing buckskin pants has nothing to do with it.



— Courtesy "The New Yorker"

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS

Countless indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How sweet it is that so many families whose families have scattered themselves far and wide in this frenzied struggle of life, are reunited to meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual kindness.

The union of families at Christmas time is a source of such pure and hallowed delight and one so incompatible with the troubles of the world, that the religious beliefs of most civilized nations, as well as the crude traditions of savages, number it as the day of days, indicative of a future state of existence to be provided for the blest and the happy.

How many fond recollections Christmas-time awakes! How many pangs of sorrow it revives! Some of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then, have ceased to beat; the faces that beamed so brightly then, no longer glow; the hands we grasped so eagerly long since have lain cold; the eyes we loved to look upon have hid their luster in the grave.

Still, the grand old homestead, the merry voices, smiling faces, the loud laughter, the simplest pranks and jokes, fun playing with the little children, all associated with those wonderful Christmas reunions, take over our minds with each reoccurrence of the season as if the last happy gathering were only yesterday.

How beautiful, how marvelous, how happy is Christmas that can transplant us back to the delusions of our childhood days, give back the old man the pleasures of his youth and return the traveler to his own fireside and peaceful home!



Mother Lode's Christmas

There are some who think that California's Gold Rush mining towns and camps knew no Christmas. But that's not so.

A leathery old prospector, who hadn't said a word for days on end to anyone, slapped his burro on the rump and gave her a gruff "Merry Christmas, Jenny!" *Christmas is a spirit . . .*

At Indian Bar in Sierra County in 1852 the only miner's wife in the cold hills, 4000 miles from her eastern home, struggled to recapture holiday tradition; she spread a clean red calico cloth over the rough board table and looked out the window at the green trees and breathed a prayer. *Christmas is a time of reflection . . .*

A group of miners chipped in to buy several turkeys from a Marysville peddler and one set out to cook a Christmas feast of the rare and expensive birds, having obtained a generous amount of sage at the last trip to town. But the sage, alas, was wormwood and the turkeys were spoiled; a quick substitute meal of pork and beans and flapjacks was served — and the cook wasn't strung up. *Christmas is a time of thanksgiving . . .*

The gods smiled at Christmastime in the frontier's '50s. A greenhorn near Fort Yuma dug up a nugget worth \$78, using a butcher knife for a pick . . . beginner's luck favored another at St. Louis in the north when he extracted a 45-ounce nugget that brought \$775 . . . a lump of pure gold from Shasta County was assayed at 21 ounces. *Christmas is the richest day of the year . . .*

Winter weather kept others from their labors, confinement and isolation drove them to saloons and camptown bars and there was drinking and traditional wassail. *Christmas is a time for rejoicing . . .*

And up and down the Mother Lode there was nature's gift to Christmas — the eternally reborn forests of Christmas trees to mark the day for all the lonely, the discouraged and the outcast to see. *Christmas is a symbol of rebirth . . .*

— Contributed

CONCERNING RULES

Section 20.7805-I. *Rules and regulations.* For regulations concerning rules and regulations, see the Regulations on Procedure and Administration (Part 301 of this chapter). — *Federal Register.*
Oh, we will not.

Substitute For Lord's Prayer

Most tragic item in the papers recently was buried among the obituaries on a back page. It reported no plane crash resulting in the death of many persons. There was no mention of droughts, floods or earthquakes. It had nothing to say about the baffling diseases that are breaking out all over the earth. Inflation, kidnappings and assassinations were not mentioned.

Nevertheless, this was an item of tragic significance because it struck at the soul of man. The Master said: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell." (Mathew 10:28)

Now comes another cleric who declares that the Lord's Prayer is "empty and static and nothing more than a worn-out form filled with overtones and superstition."

The report carries even more harangue, including the following:

"'Our Father which art in heaven,' is futile when so many people think of God, not as a glorified Person, but a Principle." Then, as the most startling jolt of all, the charge is made that the conclusion of the prayer, '... for Thine is the kingdom,' etc. "makes an imposing ending, but its significance is merely literary."

The learned religionist thereupon submits a substitute for The Lord's Prayer, a set of sayings which is all sweetness and light but utterly devoid of spiritual power.

The proposed substitute for The Lord's Prayer includes the following:

- * *May we reverence life within us and in all nature.*
- * *May we strive for the good and overcome evil with good.*
- * *May we recognize that which is good and help others to realize this ideal.*
- * *May we do unto others as though we were the others.*
- * *May we find each day our proper work.*

Paul prophesied concerning the time when "men will not endure sound doctrine but shall heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears." (II Timothy 4:3) This poetic substitute for The Lord's Prayer satisfies ears but leaves the soul half starved.

There is no room in Christian teaching for the heresy that man makes his own God to suit the cultural and intellectual development of the times. Such heresies will condemn all who advance and embrace them.

Anyway, upon what meat doth any man feed that qualifies him to throw out The Lord's Prayer and substitute a set of poetic precepts he thinks are better!

— L.G.

Our Day Of Thanks

Despite Our Many Troubles We Have Much To Be Thankful For

By Les Goates

Thanksgiving Day is one of the happier occasions on our crowded calendar of holidays. It is a day of reunions, of laughter, of renewing old friendships, of cultivating new appreciation for all the old familiar things.

In its initial concept Thanksgiving Day was for the expression of gratitude for the harvest that held the first American colony together. As William Bradford explained it:

"All the summer there was no want and now began to come in a store of fowl as winter approached . . . and besides water fowl there was great store of wild trukey, of which they took many, and much venison. Besides, they had about a peck of corn meal a week to a person . . ."

In our time, in our land so blessed with plenty, it is difficult to envision such simple living or to appreciate such humble gratitude. And should we not, therefore, be even more grateful because of this abundance?

One would naturally suppose that in this grand old world everyone would have equal reason for giving thanks. That is not the case in real life, of course. Yet, man is so made up that he makes his own compensations.

It is one of the hard lessons in life that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never happen. This is one reason why we should turn to cheerful thoughts today. It is also an old truism that it is the kind of world one carries in his own heart that is important.

As we measure values today, how poverty-stricken were our forbathers

when they bowed their heads to give thanks that first Thanksgiving Day! They had no fine homes, no automobiles, no automatic heat, no television, no motion picture shows, no hot and cold running water, no fat bank accounts — nothing like the luxuries on which we place top value today. Yet, they were content, and happy with the prospect of beginning a new life in a new country.

An now, 353 years after the first Thanksgiving Day, we find we can properly give thanks only if we do not let the materialistic paraphernalia of modern life stand in the way of gratitude. It's the inner strengths and satisfactions that really count.

On this holiday, which offers a pause in the onward rush of this frenzied life, we may well reflect on whether the lives we lead indicate an increasing mastery over the non-essential, materialistic things or whether we are in bondage to them.

The much busy-ness of life is a general ailment and infects people everywhere. Yet, behind our own particular kind of "hard winters ahead" and "hostile Indians," we detect a revival of interest in the spiritual verities. In the search for remedies for our social ills, especially those attributed to our young people, the worth of the home, the family and the Church, is more acutely realized this Thanksgiving Day, 1974, than on this day in any recent year.

We have many reasons to be thankful. Our farms and our factories have produced abundantly. We can be grateful for the strength this creates because



*Thankful Despite Pains
and Heartaches*

of our united determination to use these resources to preserve our precious freedom. We can be thankful, too, for the opportunity to share our goods with others less fortunate than we.

Surely we have the most precious of all possessions: we have freedom. As we take stock of our abundant blessings on the day set aside for that purpose, may we be thankful for the hope — one that must never die — that there may sometime be a worldwide harvest of peace and goodwill.

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Presentation of the Corinne Railroad Museum to Horace A. Sorensen by Joel L. Priest, public relations director for the Union Pacific R.R. in the presence of hundreds who gathered to celebrate this historic event. The original by C. R. Savage is shown in a mural in the building along with a diorama depicting the observation as nearly as possible.

Horace Keeps Things Looking Nice

Paint Jobs Revivify Pioneer Village and Corinne R.R. Museum

The writer is proud to announce that the Sons of Utah Pioneers Pioneer Village practically has all been repainted. This money all came from the Pioneer Village account; otherwise it would not have paid by the Sons of Utah Pioneers.



Horace Sorensen

No mention was given to the writer at the 100th Celebration of the government installation at Promontory Summit, but the museum at Corinne on the 90th Anniversary was dedicated by Elder Harold B. Lee, then a director on the Union Pacific Railroad, and has been financed and kept open ever since by the writer, who was personally provided by the two railroads a building and most of the rolling stock that is exhibited, now and for the past 15 years.

Also, in my own mind I visualize how Saltair could have been saved with the support of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. Harold Fabian, then chairman of the State Parks Department, called me in and said, "We would like to give you Saltair." After giving it considerable consideration I thought of how it could be made a museum and even went to the trouble of having them take me out on the train, then in good running order. I carefully inspected everything and

found it to be in first class condition as a museum, but not as a place to swim as the water had receded.

I brought this before the National Sons of Utah Pioneers, at which time Earl Hansen of Logan was president, and told them that Harold Fabian wanted to give it to me and not the SUP, but felt it would be a project for us although I would be the owner. I visualized three shifts of eight hours each of senior citizens who could help keep it up and act as watchmen, so that the tourists who were even then trying to get into the grounds could. The building was in perfect shape and could easily have been preserved. The National SUP voted this down and I refused the offer. It wasn't long until vandals went to work and it finally was burned to the ground.

It is well for us to keep records and to meet and eat, but when these opportunities to do something worthwhile like the Pioneer Village, Railroad Museum, and last but not least Saltair, presents itself it seems to me we just have not created things that will live to honor our existence as Sons of our great Pioneer heritage.

Please do not accept this as a criticism, but only as a regret that more has not been done by an organization that could have done so much.

Sincerely,

Horace A. Sorensen

Along the Mormon Battalion Trail

Annual Banquet (Nov. 15) And Highway Marker Dedication Feature Schedule

By Col. Marvin E. Smith

Several interesting announcements were made at a recent meeting of Company A of the Mormon Battalion by Lt. Col. Elmer B. Jones, C.O.:

The annual banquet and program for all members and friends will be held on the evening of Nov. 15 at the Senior Citizens Center in Salt Lake City. This is always a choice get-together for members from over the state.



Col. Smith

Tax exemption has been granted officially to the U.S. Mormon Battalion by representatives of the Internal Revenue Service of San Francisco. This may encourage friends to donate to the wor-

thy historic projects now under way.

Col. Jones reminded the group that life memberships in the Mormon Battalion have been approved at \$100. Several have already taken out these certificates. They may be purchased on the installment plan if desired.

Uniforms may be ordered from the West Point Tailors, 437 East 300 South, Salt Lake City.

Pictures were shown on the screen of the Squaw Valley Encampment by Veron P. Curtis, Dean Andrus and Rudy Christiansen. Happy memories of a great convention were relived.

* * *

A special recognition was recently given to David and Dr. Frank Bagley, sons of Cyrebe Bagley, as they received SUP Life membership certificates at a battalion gathering. Is this a record for a father and two sons? Also present for the occasion were Cy's two daughters-in-law and two grand-daughters.

They are a great family and deserve every respect.

* * *

In preparation for the 1975 SUP Encampment, National Commander Fred M. Reese has been busy assisting with the organization of chapters in that area. Many good men of Pioneer descent are eligible and could become one of the stronger districts.

* * *

The highway marker to the U.S. Mormon Battalion will be dedicated January 15, 1975, near El Centro, California. This was planned and organized by the Explorers. They have requested a \$500 donation from the Battalion members to assist them in costs. Any contributions will be appreciated. Mail to Elmer J. Carr, Finance Officer, 32 "O" Street, Salt Lake City 84103.

* * *



The father (center) and two sons are Life Members of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. Shown here, left to right are: Dr. Frank Bagley, Cy Bagley and David Bagley.

Marvin and Irene Smith recently met with seven other members of their family in Washington, D.C. for a brief reunion. They welcomed son Scott back from the North German mission, and bid farewell to their daughter Shauna Ploehn and family as they departed for Israel.



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THROUGH INDIAN GAUNTLETS RIDERS RODE WITH U.S. MAIL

From Montgomery Street office of the Alta, California newspaper Harry Roff dashed forward on April 3, 1860, heading toward Sacramento (via boat). There he passed the precious mail to Warren Upton (son of a Sacramento Union editor), who speeded on to Sportsman's Hall (12 miles east of Placerville). At the same time, west bound mail that had arrived at the western terminus of the Hannibal & St. Joseph

Railroad, was passed to Johnny Fry at the Missouri River port. He crossed on the ferry, heading toward San Francisco. In five days riders passed each other in western Wyoming, each one reaching his destination in about ten days. Lincoln's inaugural speech (March 4, 1851), was rushed to San Francisco.

— Courtesy The Pony Express

PONY EXPRESS STOP BECOMES A CAMPSITE

*By Joseph Bauman
(In the Deseret News)*

SIMPSON SPRINGS, Tooele County — "We chased horses and herded sheep here in the early '20s," said Alma Nielsen, Vernon, Tooele County, nearly 90.

Nielsen was one of the 60 or 70 sweltering folk who drove out to this desolate place Saturday afternoon, 60 land miles southwest of Tooele. Once a stop on the famed Pony Express and Overland Stage route, it was being dedicated as a new Bureau of Land Management campground.

"Looks just the same — few more roads, more trees, more people . . ." Nielsen laughed.

We were all sitting around in the shade of a medium-large juniper tree on metal folding chairs, kids in BLM work clothes, whittling; families with small children; old codgers; a few Army Reserve officers in khaki. A Marine color guard stood in the sun,

bearing rifles and huge U.S. and Marine flags.

The brown flat desert stretched below, dry and barren, all the way to a sharp mountain range on the horizon.

"See the horse coming?" someone asked a little blond boy in a red cowboy hat, up in the juniper tree. On the long thin gravel road you could see a tiny horse, with a couple of trucks passing it and thick puffs of alkali dust billowing up behind. You could faintly hear the hooves.

Camp Indicated

A minute later the horseman was pounding up the hill toward the group, swerving so he wouldn't get too close to the unphotogenic Army helicopter, and he bent down and flung his mailpouch, laughing, to a man who was yelling, "Hello, Kent!"

Thus was the new 40-acre camp-dedicated, with speeches relays of and modern Pony Express riders

who had galloped across the last 17 miles of desert from the Lookout Pass Pony Express Station, carrying a travel-stained proclamation from Gov. Calvin L. Rampton in the mailpouch.

There are 14 camp sites, with picnic tables, fireplaces, clean running water and not much shade. There is also a two-seater outhouse, and gravel paths lined with chunks of rock.

Dr. Dale Berge, a Brigham Young University archaeologist who recently dug around the foundation of an ancient store at the Pony Express station, was there for the ceremony.

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Our Readers Write

Contemplation on Antelope Island

by Maurine Smart

(Read to Squaw Valley Encampment ladies meeting)

Pale blue and azure meet where mountains crest.
The endless waste of sage and alkali lie barren to the eye
Gold-crowned and green, the rabbit brush is blest.
Salt, brine of ages, stands shimmering and white.
Mirages formed, belie the scope of sights and distance seen.
A world apart from men's relentless flight.

In loneliness I stand beside the placid lake,
Times' curtain rises cross my mind.
The distance peaks lie shrouded deep in mist
Across the ebbing waste of waters wake.
How like our lives with crowning points of joy
That rise above our troubled time.

We live as does the sparkling stream,
First in purity, we then get lost in the brine.
But eastward rises high the might Wasatch Range,
Endless in strength.
Here, wind and rain wash pure the mountain air
As does repentance from our wearied soul.
Where waters clear from virgin snows run pure,
A symbol of life and God's control!



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National Secretary Reports

Life Membership Board Filled; New One Planned

By George C. Lloyd
National Secretary

In times past the Life Membership roll has been distinguished by having several members of a family enrolled within a brief period. This was true of the Malans, the Barkers and the Reeders.

A few months ago we had the honor of listing Cyrene N. Bagley as Life Member No. 138. In the month of September we were happy to add two of his sons to this group. They are David C. Bagley, a rancher of Callao, Utah, and Dr. Frank D. Bagley, living at East Cottonwood Cove, Salt Lake City, a chemist at Dugway Proving Ground. We welcome the Bagley brothers as members at large.

VERNON SNARR LATEST

Welcome is also extended to Vernon Snarr, life member who lives in Salt Lake City. His ancestry goes to England in 1854, where his grandparents were active converts in the Church. Vern has spent his life in constructive service to his fellow associates.

This brings our total of life members to 160. Incidentally, we have now completely filled the honor board that hangs in the Administration Building and the committee is working on a design for a second board which will have a space reserved for honorary members including presidents of the Church who have been thus honored.

MESSAGE TO OFFICERS

The National Board extends thanks and congratulations to those who have directed the activities of Chapters during the past year. Civic projects have been sponsored that have brought credit to The Sons.

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OFFSET • LETTER PRESS



The Temple Quarry Chapter SUP has been providing financial and manual assistance to the saving of the old Union Fort Cemetery at Union. Shown here are Carl Nelson, landscape architect; LaGrande Asay, chapter president; Dallas Forbush, Union Lions Club; Mrs. Olea Shelton, and Lois Washburn, representing the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers; Ira Proctor, Community Council of Union.

During the next two months most chapters will be selecting new officers to take the helm through 1975. We congratulate in advance these new officers and directors.

May we suggest that as soon as selections are completed this information be forwarded to the national office at once. It is vital that close communication be maintained.

It is not too early to encourage your writers to preserve through pioneer stories the oral history of our forefathers. We hope to have many such stories submitted in time for the story contest next spring.

ADV. OF THE WEEK: (From a Los Angeles newspaper) "Neat little garage cottage for rent in popular suburban area. No children but no objection to well-trained dog."

Temple Quarry Of Sandy Holds 'Chickfest'

SANDY — Temple Quarry Chapter held its annual summer chicken banquet in the gardens of the J. C. Richards' in Sandy. Ninety-seven members and partners attended.

Pres. LaGrande Asay was in charge of the banquet and the meeting which followed, assisted by Moyal Anderson, J. C. Richards, Wayne Berrett, Chaplain Bert Cheever, Past Pres. Glen Greenwood and Adolph Johnson, national president-elect.

Regular autumn meetings began Oct. 3 and will be conducted in Pioneer Hall in West Jordan. First speaker on the series was Phil Brinton, noted wood carver. He displayed a number of his military and political figures.

Musical numbers were by Rosamond Maxfield and Mr. Richards.

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LaMar Gardner, Member East Mill Creek SUP

Cedar City Chapter Makes Trek to Lake Powell

By J. M. Palmer

CEDAR CITY — The annual summer outing for the Cedar City Chapter of the SUP was a trek to the newly-opened coal fields of the Navajo Electric Power Co. and a boat trip to the Rainbow Natural Bridge on Lake Powell. The trip was directed by Dr. James S. Partridge. Forty-eight members and companions took the bus journey.

The drive over Cedar Mountain was pleasant and after a 15 minute stop in Kanab, we were on our way again. As we neared Page the horizon was dominated by three giant 725-foot smokestacks that towered above the Navajo Electric Plant. This mammoth steam plant when completed will generate more electric power than the combined plants at Boulder Dam and Glen Canyon.

Our drive to the coal field took us through a portion of the Navajo Indian reservation, where we saw Indian women and children herding their sheep while the men folks worked at the mines. The income from the two

sources has brought prosperity to the Navajos as they have never known before.

New Electric Railway

The coal for this huge electric plant is mined in Arizona, eighty miles east of Page. A modern electric railroad has been built to haul the coal and an oiled highway provides a way for the workmen to get to and from the mine. The mine is on the Black Mesa, which is owned by the Navajo tribe. An agreement provides that 80% of the mining is done by the Indians.

At Wahweat, only two miles from Page, in comfortable motels, we spent the end of a perfect day resting for our trip on Lake Powell. We had chartered a 48-passenger boat and at 8 a.m., we were on our way past the great concrete dam with the giant steel arch bridge spanning the canyon in the distance above and beyond the dam.

Unbelievable Marina

We passed colorful ensembles of

wonderful features, carved walls, royal arches, glens, mounds and monuments. Twenty-five miles up Lake Powell in a beautiful forbidding canyon, Rainbow Bridge Marina floats serenely beneath sheer canyon walls. This unbelievable marina in its marvelous setting is accessible only by boat. A few minutes more and we docked in sight of the Rainbow Bridge. Through the great arch in the distance was Navajo Mountain. It was a sight beyond description. We were looking at one of nature's wonders.

Box lunches were served, a fifteen minute hike, and we picnicked together in the shade of this mammoth arch.

Back at Wahweat, the bus and cars were made ready for our 170-mile trip to Cedar City. It was after dark when we arrived home.

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Centennial Trekkers of 1947 Honor Pres. Spencer W. Kimball

President Spencer W. Kimball and Mrs. (Camilla) Kimball were acclaimed "Special Honorary Members" of the Centennial (1947) Trekkers when it held its annual reunion Oct. 1 in the Pioneer Village Auditorium. Pres. and Mrs. Kimball made this historic journey as members of the organization that reenacted the original journey of the Mormon Pioneers, 100 years before. The presentation was made in absentia, due to Pres. Kimball's pressing Church appointments.

Elected officers for the 1974-75 year were: Dr. Lorin L. Richards, president; F. Alburn Shields, B. Spencer Young, Marvin Curtis, Donald B. Alder, executive officers. Ralph G. Smith was (as for many year since) retained as secretary-treasurer.

Husbands and Wives

Directing the observance were: Ray L. Alston and wife Pearl; LaVere V. Adams and wife Nancy, program; W. Claudell Johnson and Ruby, presentations; Loran D. Hirschi and Vera, Verl G. Dixon and Virginia; Ralph R. Smith, and wife Geneva, nominations for the 1975 trekkers reunion.

The presentation was a large picture of the Kimballs on Independence Rock, Wyo., overlooking the encircled

caravan of 72 covered wagons, vehicles which carried the 143 men, three women and two boys, who made up the trekkers, the same as in the 1847 original company, under President Brigham Young.

The same presentation was made to Wendell J. Ashton and wife Belva who were present. Wendell was the 1947 president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers and leader in charge of the 1947 trek.

Musical Program

Horace Beesley and four of his family gave a group of instrumental and vocal numbers and Dorothy Kimball Keddington and Nora Player Richardson sang two duets.

A popular number was a sketch read by five trekkers: Francis Urry, L. Clair Likes, Donald B. Alder, Byron J. Openshaw and the "third lady trekker" Ruth Fox Clawson Shields. The skit featured the reactions of Prof. Marcus Bach, non-Mormon, who was so intrigued by the trek that, although he intended only to see the caravan off from Nauvoo, he accompanied the group all the way back to Salt Lake.

Ralph Smith read his customary report and Dorothy Keddington led in the communith singing. Prayers were by Verl Dixon and LaVere V. Adams.

Utah Had 277 Irrigation Canals in 1865

By Emily W. Brewer

One of the first instructions given to the saints by Brigham Young on their arrival in the Salt Lake Valley was for them to put a dam in City Creek thereby diverting the waters to flood over the parched land and soften it enough so they could plant the seed they had brought with them.

This is often referred to as the first irrigation in the United States. H. H. Bancroft in his History of Utah says, "There are few parts of the world where irrigation has been pushed forward more systematically and with better results than in Utah." He also states that by 1865 there were 277 canals irrigating 153,949 acres and more were being constructed.

First Storage Dam

It was, however, 25 years after the dam was put in City Creek that the first water storage dam was built. This was known as the Newton Dam and was built in 1871 on the Clarkston Creek about 12 miles northwest of Logan. It was built by a group of farmers from the Newton settlement. With horses, oxen and scrapers they simply piled dirt in the creek. This was the first reservoir in Utah and possibly in the United States.

Spring Flood

The first spring flood proved too much for the dirt dam. It washed out and in the second attempt these determined men made a rock core and covered it with earth. It was 127 ft long, 28 ft. high and stored enough water to cover 1566 acres to a depth of one foot.

For many years this reservoir served the surrounding area, until the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation saw the need for constructing a newer and larger dam a mile and a half down stream.

The Daughters of Utah Pioneers erected a monument to these far-sighted settlers south of the new artificial lake.

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Chapter Eternal

Harold Lambert

Harold A. Lambert, 80, member of the Salt Lake City Chapter, SUP, Salt Lake area civic leader and business man died in a Murray Hospital of a heart arrest.

He was past president and director of the South Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce and had been credit manager of Burton Lumber for 40 years, also serving on the board of directors. Mr. Lambert was past president of the National Credit Association.

Mr. Lambert was bishop of the Hillcrest Ward and served in many other church positions before and since that assignment.

He was born in Kamas, Summit County, June 18, 1894, a son of John Carlos and Olivia F. Anderson Lambert. He married Florence Murphy in 1920 in the Salt Lake City LDS Temple. She died June 8, 1968. He married Merinda Sorenson Rebentisch on September 10, 1969 in the Idaho Falls Temple.

Mr. Lambert is survived by his wife; a son and two daughters, H. Reed, Mrs. Ronald (Bernice) King, both of Salt Lake City; Mrs. Joseph (Jean) Beckstead, Bountiful; a stepdaughter, Mrs. Ardyth S. Rebentisch, Las Vegas, Nev.; 12 grandchildren; a great-grandchild; four stepgrandchildren; a brother and a sister, Roy G., Kamas; and Mrs. Lorraine L. Zieve, Mesa, Ariz.

Funeral services were held in the Grant Sixth LDS Ward Chapel and burial was in the Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.

Charles Russ Layne

Charles Russ Layne, 75, active worker in the Temple Fork Chapter, Sons of the Utah Pioneers, died July 29 in a Franklin, Idaho County hospital. Throughout his life he had been a farmer and for 18 years worked at the U.S. general Defense Depot in Ogden, Utah.

At the time of his death he was a high priest in the Richmond Utah Stake and had been secretary of the quorum for 14 years. He was also sports director for Benson Stake, president of his ward choir and was the recipient of numerous home beautification awards.

Mr. Layne attended public schools in Lewiston, Ida. and had fulfilled two LDS missions, one to New Zealand. He and his wife were called to serve also in the Western States Mission in 1928.

He married Louise Gessel in the Salt Lake City LDS Temple November 15, 1925.

Surviving are his widow of Lewiston and the following children:

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Brandt R. Layne, Ogden; Rex G. Layne, Salt Lake City; Lt. Col. David T. Layne, Murtle Beach, S.C.; Jerry Al Layne, Smithfield; Allan Preston Layne, Downey, Calif.; Mrs. Gene (Tamra) Austin, Weston, Idaho; 24 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren; a sister, Mrs. Orval (Laura) Harris, Fairview, Idaho.

Funeral services were held in the Lewiston 2nd LDS Ward August 1 and burial was in the Lewiston Cemetery.

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Governor Lee's Mother Now Centenarian

PRICE, Utah — Mrs. Arthur (Ida Mae) Lee, mother of former Governor-Mayor J. Bracken Lee, joined the state's select little circle of centenarians on August 22, 1974, and was honored with a family party on this gala occasion.

Mrs. Lee is one of the more agile and alert of Utah's dozen or more senior citizens 100 years old or older. She broke her hip at age 87, but this didn't slow her up for long, said Utah's noted governor and Salt Lake City mayor.

Ida Mae Lee was born August 22, 1874, in Salt Lake City. She married Arthur Lee February 6, 1896. She has been a widow more than 40 years, practically all of which she has lived in Price. Her husband, like her famous son, was prominent in politics, but she was content to be "the woman behind the man" and serve as mother and homemaker.

The Lees have had seven children, one of whom died in infancy. The six sons and daughters attended the birthday party. She has had 20 grandchildren, 58 great grandchildren, and six great-great grandchildren.

PROBABLY THE SCARCITY

From an Indianola, Iowa, church bulletin: "The Junior Ladies Aid will serve an oyster at the church Saturday evening."

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From the Coldwater, Mich. *Daily Reporter*: "Gregory Speaker, 56, celebrated his birthday Monday with the aid of 12 fiends."

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Sierra Chapter officers and companions are elated at winning the Outstanding Chapter Award at Squaw Valley. Mrs. Duane B. Ford, wife of the chapter president, is holding the SUP trophy.



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The Saga of Isom Dart

FIRST A SLAVE — THEN A UTAH OUTLAW

by Kerry Ross Boren
(in the Salt Lake Tribune Magazine)

NO STUDY of black history in Utah would be complete without mention of Isom Dart.

Isom Dart was born Ned Huddleston (the name of his master), a slave on a hill farm in Arkansas. He never knew his parents well because when he was old enough to work in the cotton fields, he was taken away from his family and sent south, just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War.

When that great and bloody conflict broke loose, the husky young black youth joined the Confederacy and fought under his master, an officer in that army. While serving as a cook near the front lines, he was induced by a young Mexican friend to "go over the hill" to Texas.

This young black man then underwent a series of unbelievable adventures, having been at various times various things: he worked on the vast Goodknight Ranch in Texas, he was a rodeo clown in Mexico having earned the title "Tan Mex" for his daring performances. He was, for a time, a Catholic priest, beloved by all the Mexican people, but his fondness for drink and his propensity for rage when drunken soon caused his downfall from this profession.

Priest Kills Priest

IN ONE such drunken rage, Ned Huddleston shot and killed another priest, and with the priest's brother at the head of an angry mob, the black man left Texas one jump ahead of a rope.

Ned Huddleston next appeared as a cook's helper, working for the Union Pacific Railroad near present-day Rock Springs, Wyo. Having left some of his pay with the cook, Ned decided to take in the sights of nearby South Pass City, a roaring gold-boom town. Within a short time, Ned was in trouble and tossed into the local jail at Green River, Wyo. He suffered severely at the hands of a bully named Jesse Ewing who forced him to kneel on the floor while Ewing used his back for a table. Ned knew that refusal would mean his death, as he had entered the jail under



Train Holdup and Bandit Hunters of Union Pacific

Art Courtesy "The Pony Express"

the threats of hanging by a local mob.

WHEN NED was released from jail, he returned to the Carlisle Cut to obtain his wages from the cook, but the cook pretended to know nothing about the money. When Ned demanded it, he was severely beaten by the cook with the handle of an axe.

Having endured enough of this type of treatment, Ned Huddleston changed his name to Isom Dart and began a career of rustling and outlawry to rival anything the West has ever produced. His first sojourn into crime was in a member of the notorious Tip Galt Gang in Brown's Park, in northeastern Utah, an area that Isom Dart has thereafter been associated with. His career was shortlived in this avocation, however, when the entire gang except for himself was wiped out in ambush by irate cattlemen, incensed over the loss of valuable livestock. Isom was severely wounded, but survived.

Becomes Rustler

Isom tried to work at honest jobs for a time. He was a wrangler for such

big outfits as the Middlesex Land and Livestock Company, the Two-bar Ranch, and others of equal import. His "friend," Mat Rash (who, by the way, was the nephew of Davy Crockett) talked the impressionable young black man into rustling enough cattle to start his own ranch, which Isom set about to do, headquartering on an isolated section on Cold Springs Mountain high on the mountainside overlooking Brown's Park. Here, Isom soon had a thriving business in stolen livestock.

He was joined in the 1880's by another group of men who used his cabin and ranch as a hideout — the Wild Bunch, led by the now famous outlaw leader Butch Cassidy. They fast became friends and Isom was commissioned by Cassidy to break and train horses for one special purpose — the robbing of banks and trains. So good were these horses in the performance of their duties (coming when whistled; standing firm while guns were fired between their ears, etc.) that

(See ISOM DART, next page)

Isom Dart — Slave to Outlaw

they have been mentioned repeatedly in accounts of the many daring robberies of the Wild Bunch.

IT WAS Butch Cassidy, Matt Rash and Isom Dart who incorporated the "Wagon Wheel Brand," a brand which became synonymous with rustling, since it could be used to obliterate and change almost any known brand.

An incident which occurred at one point in Isom Dart's career is perhaps typical of the reason he commanded such respect and admiration. When the livestock of the Hoy and Schribner ranches began to disappear at an increasing rate, and it was obvious that Isom's cows were having four or five calves a year, a warrant was issued for his arrest. The only man found who was brave enough to enter the outlaw stronghold of Brown's Park was Joe Philbrick, who was given a deputy sheriff's commission to bring the black man in, dead or alive.

A Kindly Outlaw

PHILBRICK located Isom and had no difficulty in serving the warrant. However, on the return to Rock Springs, the buckboard in which they were traveling slipped over a grade and plummeted down into a deep canyon. Philbrick was thrown from the buckboard and rendered unconscious. When he recovered, he discovered that Isom Dart had packed him out of the canyon, retrieved the runaway horses and buckboard, and had driven on to Rock Springs where he sought medical aid for Philbrick and then turned himself in at the local jail! Philbrick was so grateful that he interceded in behalf of the black man and secured his release.

Isom was even constable of the Maxon precinct for a time and served ably as an officer of the law. His reputation with a gun was substantial and his tremendous size was enough to command the respect of the most ill-reputed criminal. In 1898, Isom was instrumental in capturing the notorious Harry Tracy in Brown's Park.

But Isom Dart could never resist the urge to rustle cattle; not so much for the profit, but for the excitement it afforded. Of course, in this he was not alone, for Brown's Park abounded with horse and cattle rustlers, so much

(continued from preceding page)

so that the cattlemen's association hired the services of the West's most professional rustler assassin — Tom Horn.

Picks Out Two

Horn, accustomed to the art of eliminating rustlers, knew that he had to pick out at least two of the most flagrant rustlers in Brown's Park as examples. Those two men were Matt Rash and Isom Dart. On July 10, 1900, Matt Rash was discovered dead on his bed as a result of a 30.30 slug in the heart.

A few days afterward, Isom Dart — and many other local men in the Park — found the following notice tacked to their doors: LEAVE THE PARK WITHIN TEN DAYS OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES. There could be no doubt as to the author of the notice. But Isom Dart refused to be intimidated.

On October 10, 1900, five men had spent the night in the cabin of Isom Dart on Cold Springs Mountain: Con Dresher, Joe Davenport, Gail Walker, George and Eb Bassett.

On the morning of October 11, 1900, Isom Dart stepped from his cabin. Walking a few yards towards a pole corral he hesitated, sensing something irregular in the sounds — or the lack of sounds — of the morning stillness. Instantly a shot reverberated through the hills, and the huge black man tumbled to the ground, dead from a shot through the heart.

THE FIVE men in the cabin remained hovered in a corner throughout the day, afraid to move. At night they sawed out a log section at the rear of the cabin and made their escape. But it was not until ten days later that anyone returned to bury the body of Isom Dart.

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Happy Birthday To Otto Uhlig And It's No. 101

Otto Uhlig, venerable and beloved ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple, native of Germany, retired carpenter and skilled and active gardener, is still going strong at age 101. His explanation of his remarkable longevity is "exercise and good health habits." He walks three miles a day when he attends the temple.

Friends and relatives recently gave Mr. Uhlig a party in the Lion House Social Center. More parties have been planned for him. He was born in Chemnitz, Saxony, Germany when Ulysses S. Grant was president of the United States.

During World War I, Uhlig was a German soldier working with a balloon observation unit. For years he had dreamed of coming to the United States but didn't make it until 1923. He settled in Salt Lake City with his wife Milda and three of their four children. Mrs. Uhlig died in 1939 and he married Frieda Wetzel Sommers in 1950. She died in 1958.

TYPOGRAPHICAL TID-BIT (From classified adv. column) — "For Rent, three-room furnished apartment, handy to hopping district located over grocery store." . . . Hop down and get a loaf of bread, will you, dear?

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Hyrum John Richards — Cache Valley Pioneer

STOCKMAN — CHURCHMAN — MENDON CIVIC LEADER

*by His Daughter Cleo
Richards Copen*

There are many things which can start the mind traveling backward over an old road of memories. For me it can be the sunrise or sunset, the howl of a coyote, a train whistle, the smell of fresh cut lucern with the purple flowers, the sound of splashing water, the song of a meadowlark, willow trees blowing in the wind, the lowing of a cow, the clippity clop of a pony. These all remind me of a wonderful happy childhood, with my earliest recollection being the knowledge that comfort and security and love were all synonymous with the kind, strong, dependable man who was my father.

We were not a large family. Father, mother, myself, Hyrum Jay and a tiny babe that lay in the beautiful little cemetery on the hill above Mendon. But we were a close family, where much love and understanding dwelt.

Hyrum John Richards was born January 30, 1892, at Mendon, Cache County, Utah where he lived most of the first sixty years of his life. He was the eighth child and first son of Hyrom Thomas and Agnes Muir Richards. His father's diary records it as a cold day with four to five feet of snow on the valley floor. It was a happy occasion, this birth of a son after such a long wait.

The earliest recollection of my father was of almost constantly being with his father, day after day. To the mountains after cattle, chopping wood for the stove or poles for fencing, in the fields for hay, to ship grain, cattle, and hogs, even to the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple when only one year old.

When only four he went to Kemmerer and Rock Springs, Wyoming, with his father to deliver hogs. He remembers riding on the train and the sparks being so hot that his father had to cradle him under his arms to keep him from being burned. At the age of six he delivered packages from his father's store to the needy people of Mendon.



*Hyrum J. Richards
... Versatility in pioneering*

Farm Work

At eight he began milking cows and feeding poultry, hogs, sheep and cattle. The Richards had the only fenced pasture, so all the cattle from the city would be herded there until the hay was cut, around July 24, when they would be turned loose in the open fields. This herding of the cattle to and from the pasture became father's responsibility and in the fall when the men settled their account my grandfather would pay him. From that money he bought his first heifer. He was just eight years old and that memorable day was September 30, 1900. That began his great love of cattle that was to be his major career and hobby.

In the spring of 1901, when his father's sheep were lambing, he was given the lambs that were abandoned by their mothers. By feeding them milk and caring for these little neglected animals, he raised several which he traded to his father for more heifers. His great love of cattle grew.

At ten he was taking his father's team and wagon to transport the drummers, who came to his father's store, around the valley. He would wait while they unloaded their merchandise to show at the various stores in Wellsville, Hyrum, Providence and Logan and then bring them back to Mendon to catch the train.

Mail Carrier at 12

By the age of twelve my father was carrying mail and groceries from Mendon to Wellsville. He would keep the mail under his feet for safe keeping and drop it off at the post office before delivering the groceries to the old Co-Op store in Wellsville. After the wagon was loaded with poultry and eggs he would pick up the out-going mail and return in time to catch the train out of Mendon.

My grandfather contracted to build the road between Mendon and Logan. Although my father was only sixteen years of age, he was put in charge of overseeing the road building. A Mr. Cook was hired to help him. Shortly after that he was sent to take charge of constructing a building in Cache Junction.

His was a happy childhood in this small Mormon hamlet called Mendon. It was a pretty place and a good place for a boy to grow and experience a well-rounded life, the good and the bad, the serious and the frivolous. These young people were fortunate in having hard working honest men as examples. All was not seriousness by any means, and the teenagers of this time were well known for their mischievous pranks, but it was from backgrounds such as this that many of our great men have come.

Following is a quote from an article written for the Herald Journal by my father in 1953, which describes life at the time he was growing up in Mendon — "The automobile, the paved highway, the airplane and the tractor are everyday reminders that mechanical progress is changing our world.

"But they do not indicate how profound the change has been. To appreciate what has happened, one must have occasion to catch a glimpse of some yesterday.

Passing of an Age

"Such a glimpse I had when I attended a funeral for one of our good townsmen who was brought back here for burial in our town cemetery. There

(see RICHARDS, next page)

Richards (continued from preceding page)

were, at the funeral, some of our old schoolmates and neighbors. The good friendly spirit was here again.

"Every such funeral in Mendon, and other little towns like it, is more than a funeral for an individual. It is part of a funeral for a community that is passing, for a way of life that is gone, for a kind of friendship that will never grow again, because the soil that nurtured it is gone.

"I recreated in my mind the Mendon with its self-sufficiency, its intimacy, its pride in accomplishment. I lived in a town where people traded among themselves and at home stores and shops. Every business transaction was with a neighbor, a friend of long standing.

"I knew a town in which there had been practically no commercial amusement. It had no flickering movies or noisy talkies or television where one went for an evening of variety or escape.

"Recreation was homemade, like the patchwork quilts that covered the beds, like all the bits of lace about the necks of the town women as they sat in the church on Sunday. It was just as substantial and fine, and something of which all were as proud.

"Winter nights saw the community's young people and old people preparing and presenting their own dramas and musicals in the church house. Or they gathered at neighbors' firesides for games, and visiting and supper.

Community Activity

"The town work was accomplished by men who joined together to make up haying crews and threshing crews; to build canals and roads, and to fence the church or town square.

"There men and women grew in understanding of one another, in sympathy and affection, developing their talents and their souls, only as people can who learn to know one another intimately.

"I can see our community's old way of life, with all its beauty and charm, passing from the scene. Fewer and fewer are the local socials, the church suppers. There is no town band, no twenty man threshing crews. The shoemaker is gone; the blacksmith, too. What was once a compact community gradually becomes only a place to farm. The soul is gone and only a body remains."

After spending some time in Idaho helping his sister and her husband homestead, my father received a mission call to the North Eastern States. This was in November, 1912.

While on this mission, so far from home, my grandfather had financial set-backs and had to sell all his livestock. He was able to keep this sad news from my father until his return home in 1914. On the second day of his return the two men rode off on their ponies toward the fields where they had spent so much time together. It was here my father was told the bad news, that all the livestock except his own was gone. He immediately gave his own cattle to his father and began helping him to overcome his losses.

Although a tremendously strong man, my grandfather died, after a very short illness, on October 18, 1916. This death, only a year after my father returned from his mission, was a tragic thing for him, as the two had been so close. He immediately took his father's place in running the store for his mother and also began managing the only meat market in Mendon, with Henry Shelton as the butcher. He also found the time to attend classes at Brigham Young College in Logan where he became well known for his fine penmanship.

(To be continued next edition)

BYU Acquires Rare Pioneer Photo Gallery

PROVO — A collection of more than 15,000 glass plate negatives, the life collection of a Springville photographer, has been acquired by the Harold B. Lee Library. Approximately a truck full in all, the pictures are the product of the Huntington and Bagley Studio between 1900 and 1936.

Nelson B. Wadsworth, photo historian at BYU and assistant professor of communications, says the pictures were taken by the partnership of Daniel Bagley and Effie Eddington who learned the photographic art from George Edward Anderson, pioneer cameraman who operated galleries in Manti, Springville and Spanish Fork.

The photos indicate that Bagley went to work in Anderson's gallery in Springville in 1896. When Anderson went on a mission in 1907, Bagley took over the studio. Later he went into business for himself. He traveled extensively throughout the rural communities of Utah County, moving his equipment by horse and buggy from town to town and house to house.

He extensively documented rural Utah life on glass plates, using cumbersome wooden view cameras. He would ship his portable tent gallery and camera outfit by rail to a town, then follow in his buggy or on a bicycle, where he would set up his "studio" and cover the town.

Town histories disclose that Bagley was also a leading pioneer beekeeper in the 1920's and 30's, and was the third largest honey producer in Utah.

Miss Huntington had worked for many years as Anderson's retoucher. She had been deaf since childhood but, according to those who remember her, she was an excellent photographer and artist.

The collection had been stored for many years in the studio, 101 South Main Street, Springville. A number of years ago Ralph Snelson took over the gallery and gave the plates to Lynn Wakefield of Provo. Mr. Wakefield decided recently to give the collection to the BYU Library.

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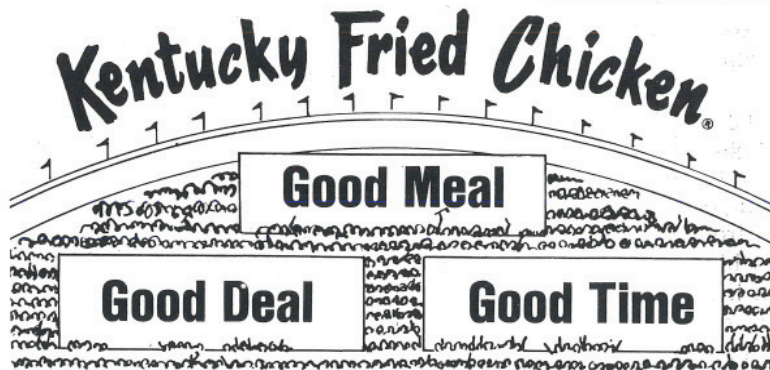
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TEMPLE FORK CHAPTER OFFICERS for 1974-75: Front row, l to r — Earl Gordon, director; Warren Hansen, vice-president; Hubert Ward, president; Joseph Haslam, president-elect. Second row — William Kendirck, welfare; Urven Larsen, director; Sylmar Jessop, past-president; D. Wesley Resee, historian and national vice-president; Bruce Allen, secretary and treasurer. Not present at picture taking: Samuel Welch, director; Roland Mortensen, trails & landmarks; Lewellyn Jenkins, welfare; Earl Hansen, national vice-president.



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Harold and Martha Jenson Observe 60th Wedding Date

A cozy little circle of enchantment surrounded the Harold and Martha Jenson gardens September 1 during the beautiful summer afternoon, as this noted and renowned couple greeted friends and relatives in commemoration of their 60th wedding anniversary. Harold, former national president of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, Mormon Battalion enthusiast and presently SUP national historian, married his neighborhood sweetheart in 1914.

In their early youth, Harold was a student-historian-understudy with his father, the late beloved Andrew Jenson, assistant Church historian. He worked into the newspaper advertising business and also became a noted drama critic.

Martha, daughter of the late Pres. Joseph F. Smith, was active in drama circles and prominent on numerous casts playing in the historic Salt Lake Theater. She was also a member and often-times soloist with the Tabernacle Choir.

Harold was 19 and Martha 17 when they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Presently they live at 1840 Westminster Avenue in the Salt Lake Mountain View Ward. They have a splendid and outstanding family of sons and daughters.



Mrs. Eva Olson (85) center, poses with her brother Harold H. Jenson and his wife Martha on their 60th wedding anniversary.

Brigham Young's Curse On 'Wicked' Corinne

By James H. Miller

As Corinne ceased to be the rail center for Idaho and Montana, along about 1870, many business men living there, moved to Ogden. Several causes contribute to this.

There was a story that Brigham Young had pronounced a curse on Corinne as "A wicked Gentile City," and predicted that grass would grow in the streets. Some grass certainly did grow on the streets, soem are now being farmed and cows have grazed on the streets.

But the real fact was that Corinne was a thriving town as long as it had a monopoly on the business of sending goods and passengers north into Idaho and Montana.

High Hopes

The northern Utah Railroad, a narrow gauge railroad was built north from Corinne. Along the west side of Bear River Valley into Cache Valley, through Mendon, Wellsville, Hyrum, Logan, Smithfield, and Richmond, then into Franklin, Idaho. And many predicted that this town would grow fast and become a large city. As it was much closer to Montana and Northern Idaho.

Later on the narrow gauge line was extended south through Brigham City to Ogden. Then the transfer of express and freight was made at this point, instead of from Corinne.

The narrow gauge reached Logan on January 31, 1873. Then continued on north to Franklin.

Then Brigham Young ordered the six mile spur across from Corinne to Harper Ward torn up and that left the "Berg on the Bear River", only a stopping place on the Central Pacific route.

Then Oneida was made terminate of the road and had some boom, then Pocatello, then Blackfoot. Pocatello was soon competing with Kelton, Utah, for the Boise and Oregon business.

So, in time Corinne decayed, the buildings went without paint, stores and dwellings were vacant. Many buildings were torn down, many moved to Ogden, some moved onto farms nearby. People lived in houses, rent free. Corinne men found jobs and moved all over the west.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF UTAH PIONEERS STATEMENT OF CASH RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR THE YEAR ENDED JULY 31, 1974

BEGINNING BALANCE AUGUST 1, 1973		\$23,862.24
RECEIPTS		
National Dues — Chapter Members	\$ 5,590.50	
Members at Large National Dues	543.50	
Contributions — Pioneer Memorial Monument	19,630.86	
Advertising — Pioneer	1,911.00	
Annual Encampment	283.31	
Interest Earned (Includes interest earned on Life Membership Fund)	1,487.75	
President's Seminar	360.00	
Building Rentals	767.50	
Life Membership	3,025.00	
Lapel Pins	22.00	
Miscellaneous	280.90	
Total Receipts		<u>\$33,902.32</u>
		<u>\$57,764.56</u>
DISBURSEMENT		
Salaries	2,224.00	
Payroll Taxes	129.20	
Pioneer Printing	3,925.55	
Office Expense	602.53	
Travel Expense	300.00	
Telephone	222.95	
President's Seminar	303.40	
Pins and Awards	519.17	
Advertising Commissions	294.02	
Encampment Share	71.00	
Life Members	3,100.00	
Hall Rentals	760.00	
Pioneer Memorial Monument	26,761.83	
Encampment Advance 1974	200.00	
Miscellaneous	427.43	
Total Disbursements		<u>\$39,841.08</u>
Ending Balance July 31, 1974		<u>\$17,923.48</u>

BANK ACCOUNTS AND AMOUNTS IN SAVING ACCOUNTS AND SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Zions First National Checking	272.30
American Savings & Loan	7,595.83
Deseret Federal	7,055.15
Zions First National (\$3,00 note due 1-27-75)	<u>3,000.00</u>
Total Exclusive of Life Membership Fund	<u>\$17,923.48</u>

LIFE MEMBERSHIP FUND

Savings with Deseret Federal (6% int)	9,730.10
(7% int)	<u>2,607.59</u>
Balance at end of Fiscal Year	<u>\$12,337.69</u>

— K. Grant Hale, treasurer



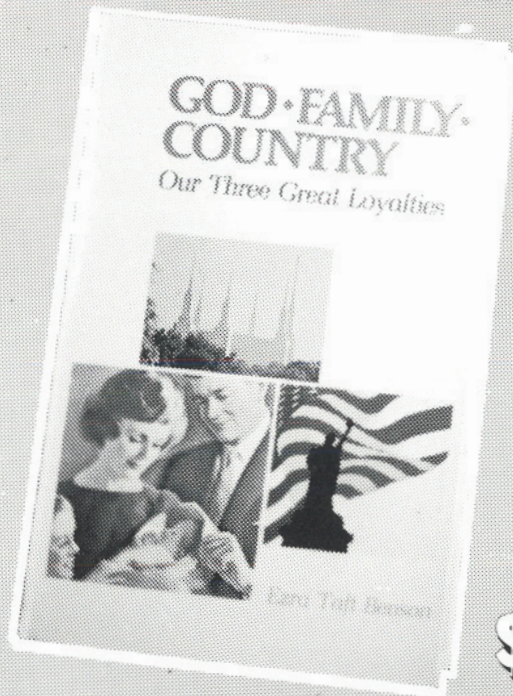
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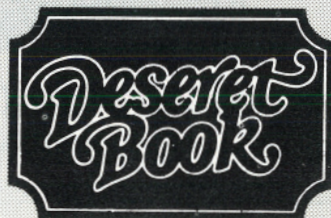
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intellectuals, and those who have political reasons
for crushing those religious principles
that have made our nation great.

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Valley Fair Mall



Fashion Place Mall

University Mall
Orem, Utah